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circumstances, I trust you will excuse the lateness of my reply. I was, last week, in Berlin, whither I had been summoned by the loss of my father. It is the first severe calamity I have ever experienced, but then it is the heaviest I could possibly suffer, and I do not know whether or when I shall be able to resume and continue the labors in which I have taken delight, or, in a word, the vocation of my life; I clearly perceive, however, that it is my duty to do so, and, consequently, I will make the attempt. I will not, therefore, delay in offering you my thanks for the friendly kindness you have manifested for me in your letter, and begging you always to entertain the same feeling; I cannot say much more to-day, and feel assured that you will excuse me.—I will merely add my thanks for your sending the Symphony, towards the performance of which I look forward with great pleasure, and intend studying the work most thoroughly for the occasion. I think of giving it at one of the early concerts next year (since the two in this are already settled,) and, therefore, taking advantage of your courteous offer, beg you will be kind enough to forward me the necessary parts (namely, three violins on each side, two tenors, and three double basses) some little time before Christmas.—Bach's Cantatas I herewith return, and am extremely obliged to you for your kindness in sending them; I already have them, and am quite in raptures with that in E sharp 12-8. His Concerto for Three Pianos was received just as (in my opinion) everything is received which is presented to people in the right way, provided it be really good. They clapped after both movements, and seemed heartily pleased. Whether it has made any impression is a question I will not attempt to decide, but we have, at any rate, had the pleasure of hearing it, and so I should have been perfectly satisfied, even though they had grumbled a little. I have quite neglected Kullivoda, and I might now, perhaps, beg you to write to me about him, since, as I am told, he has gone to Dessau, where, doubtless, you will hear him very often. The Pixis, too, I heard only once, and then not on the stage, though I propose writing shortly to you about her; to-day, I am incapable of a sensible opinion or a sensible letter. Pray excuse me! The clergyman disappeared after that morning, and has not been seen again.

Adieu, my dear Capellmeister. I wish you health and happiness; continue to entertain towards me the same sentiments of friendship you do now.—Yours truly,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.
Leipzig, the 6 Dec., 1835.

III.

RESPECTED CAPELLMEISTER,—Not before now have I been able to return, with my best thanks, the parts you were kind enough to forward me for the Subscription Concert here. Unfortunately we had no opportunity of having also the second Symphony, which you sent with that in B minor, performed this winter, and as there was no score, even I myself could not become acquainted with it; on the other hand, I think you would have been contented with the performance of the Symphony in B minor, had you been present; it went with precision and animation; the audience repeatedly manifesting their approbation, especially of the Andante, which, by the way, was the part in which the orchestra was most successful. I wish I had had a

couple of better hornists for the first movement; however, even they did their best, and got through without any mistakes, though, it is true, without grace; the last movement and the scherzo, on the other hand, went almost irreproachably. Accept once more my thanks for sending the work, and for the pleasure you have thereby afforded everyone.

Your new oratorio will, probably, not be heard in Leipzig for some little time, since, for the moment, there appears to be an utter want of proper feeling and vocal zeal among the vocal dilettanti, and I think it would be a mistake to have your choruses sung by the Thomaner only, since they strike me as written especially for female voices. It has not been possible once during the whole winter to produce any great work with choruses, and I am almost afraid that it will be no easy task to find a remedy for this unfortunate state of things.

Pray excuse, respected Capellmeister, these hurried lines, but I have been so overwhelmed with business of all sorts for the last few days, that I could hardly manage to write a letter at all; I did not, however, want to let the music go back without sending you my thanks and best compliments with it. Farewell; remember with friendship yours, truly,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.
Leipzig, the 21 March, 1836.

IV.

RESPECTED CAPELLMEISTER,—I hereby forward, with many thanks, the music which you had the kindness to send me, by Herr Rust, the *Stiftsrath*, for the Subscription Concert. It was, unfortunately, too late for me to produce one of the Symphonies; one of your earlier Overtures was, however, already included in the programme, so I was enabled to substitute for it the newer one you forwarded; that such was the case, and with what interest it was received by the public and the orchestra, you have doubtless heard ere this. The execution was good nearly throughout, and we are greatly obliged for the enjoyment you have afforded us. If you had no objection to return us by the beginning of the next Series of Concerts one of the Symphonies, I can assure you that both I and all lovers of music would feel exceedingly grateful. With the highest respect, I remain yours, truly,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.
Leipzig, the 2 April, 1839.

[From the London Musical World.]

P A R I S.

It is seldom I have to find fault with your printers, who, indeed, considering the difficulties of my handwriting, are models of type setters, and seem to read my letters like print. Last week, however, I am made to pen a very loose sentence in the *postscriptum*. In the body of my letter I stated that the Abbe Liszt was not in Rome. Before despatching my missive I had reason to know that my information was ill-founded, and I supplied your readers with an *addendum* to that effect. I wrote: "I was misinformed. The Abate Liszt is at this moment in the Seven-hilled City," which has been transmuted into:—"I was informed the Abate Liszt is at this moment in the Seven-hilled City." The mistake is not of the greatest consequence, but like Iago, I am nothing if not critical—and "What for no?" as Meg

Dods says.

Some important movements are about to take place in the lyric theatres. Mdle. Nilsson has quitted the Théâtre-Lyrique, it is to be hoped, for good. The now more-than-ever popular vocal potentate—thanks to the verdict of the British public—has taken a formal leave of the theatre in which she gained her renown and which she made renowned. Her leave-taking was in the new opera, *Les Bluets*. Her farewell was something quite out of the ordinary way. Her reception was enthusiastic in the extreme; she was called on to repeat every piece she sang; the stage was literally and floridly covered with bouquets; and she was summoned before the footlights more than twenty times. Think of that, Madame Miolan Carvalho, and lay the flattering unction to your soul that Mdle. Nilsson has followed in your footsteps (soon, it may be hoped, to efface the marks they made); think of that, manager M. Carvalho, and disthank your stars that you have lost through lack of directorial consideration, impregnated by a little sponsorial jealousy (how can a "lack" be impregnated? I hear you demand, most ingenious and microscopic reader), the most shining light that has illumined your theatre since it had place among the lyric establishments of the capital. And now the Grand Opéra gapes for the young Swede to give its ebbing fortunes a new turn, and the Prince of Denmark is ready to don his newest sables to receive her; and Mesdames Sasse, Battu, Mauduit, and Gueymard tremble on their musical thrones, fearing lest they should be pushed therefrom. And M. Bazier envies M. Emile Perrin that he has secured an artist so likely to glorify his management, and almost dislikes himself—only being too fond—that he should have thrown away a pearl richer than all his tribe—save one—and there is great commotion in both their houses. In the meanwhile, Mdle. Nilsson, intelligent no less than gifted, studies the part of the gentle Ophelia intently, and with delight. Only she is somewhat embarrassed at the strange union of poet and musician, thinking in her inmost soul, as knowing English, how Godlike and burning are the words upon which the French composer has built his minute themes and broad sown his trifling combinations. Then turns to her own share of the score, and communes how best she may make the Parisians enchanted by her art. *Bref*, *Hamlet* is in rehearsal at the Grand Theatre; preparations are being hurried forward; and the performance of the new opera and the first appearance of Mdle. Nilsson are awaited with the keenest impatience. Talking of the Théâtre-Lyrique I am informed that a new tenor, of more than respectable talents, is about to appear at that theatre. His name is Giuliani. He will make his *début* as Romeo in M. Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*.

I Puritani is in rehearsal at the Italiens for Mdle. Adelina Patti, Signors Mcngini, Agnesi, and Verger. Now that Signor Mongini is on the eve of departure for Liège, the journals are beginning to deplore his loss and to acknowledge the difficulty, if not the impossibility of discovering his substitute. *Don Desiderio* attracts, which is entirely owing to Mdle. Patti's acting and singing. The opera, however, is no success.

M. Flotow has arrived in Paris with a new comic opera in his pocket, which he intends for the Opéra-Comique. It is called *L'Omi-*

bre, and the libretto is from the practiced pen of M. de St. Georges. It will, I hear, be produced after the new opera by Auber, *Le Jour de Bonheur*.

Rossini recently paid a visit to the establishment of Philippe Henry, to inspect a new instrument, the *Mélo piano*, invented by MM. Caldera and Montu of Turin. The *maestro*, as usual, was greatly pleased, and expressed his admiration of the invention in terms that might have been copied into the advertisements with immense advantage to the makers. The following day Prince Poniatowski paid a visit to the same *salons* with the same intention. The composer of *Don Desiderio* seems to have agreed thoroughly as to the value of the instrument with the composer of *Il Barbiere*.

The programme of the third Popular Concert of Classical Music, on Sunday last, comprised the following pieces:—Sinfonia Eroica, Beethoven; *andante* and variations from the "Imperial" Symphony, Haydn; overture, *scherzo*, and *finale*, Op. 52, Schumann; *adagio* from the *Septuor*, Beethoven; overture to *Der Freischütz*, Weber.

MISS BATEMAN IN DUBLIN.

Miss Bateman has returned to the scene of her former triumphs from the quietude of private life, and last evening appeared before a brilliant and crowded house in her favorite character of Leah. The play itself is utterly worthless, but Miss Bateman, by force of her genius, by the brightness of her imagination, and by the grace with which she has invested the part of Leah, has made the text glow and sparkle under her interpretation, and the play becomes invested with a reality and depth due to intrinsic influence alone. With the one actress it is exclusively identified—with her it creates a sensation difficult to describe, because there are so many subtle points in her portraiture that escape during the process of a minute analysis, and with her it will cease to be represented as a drama. The recollection of Miss Bateman's distinctive merits is so vivid that one feels it would be only repeating a twice-told tale to dwell on them in any detail, and of her performance it might be sufficient to state that it was equal, if not superior, to the fine revelation of human emotions and sympathies which created such an allowable amount of enthusiastic applause when last she appeared before the Irish public. No performer has more thoroughly adapted the beauty of action to the corresponding feelings with which it should be linked; and, whether in the repose of absolute quiescence—in the energy of motion—in the alternating periods of energy or inaction, her statuesque grace, the undulating lines without an angle to break their symmetry and the refined study of her attitudes, memories of classical forms are revived and start into life. In the first act the presence of the Jewess is little more than momentary, but her gestures speak with more than the eloquence of language the terror under which she suffers, and when the Christian priest lays his protecting hands on her, the shudder passing over her was most expressive. But the great scene is that in the fourth act, where, encountering Rudolf after he has left the church the husband of another, Leah pronounces the fearful curse. Here every word, every action, is apposite and true to nature, and the alternating tones of bitter

scorn, vehement denunciation, and womanly emotion, terminated in a noble burst that held the audience rapt in earnest attention. In the closing act, where the poor wanderer returns, dying and broken-hearted, there was a touching and quiet pathos that won from not a few the tribute of tears. Miss Bateman, at the termination of the first act, when called before the curtain, in a few brief but emphatic words said she felt deeply on this occasion. She had never forgotten the kindness of her previous reception here, and she was proud and glad that she had not been forgotten by those among whom she was happy to be once more.—*Saunders' News Letter*.

THE FRENCH STAGE.—PAUL FEVAL'S LAST.

The last dramatic work by M. Paul Féval is *La Chouanne*, founded on a novel entitled *Bouche de Fer*, and lately brought out at the Ambigu Comique. I do not profess to have studied the novel very closely, but, unless I am grievously misinformed, a serious operation has been performed in order to adapt it to the stage. The principal male personage in the book, a zealous Chouan, is transformed into a female, a zealous Chouanne, the author having graciously allowed him to die prematurely, and leave his exploits to be performed by his widow. I will endeavor to give a notion of the story as told on the stage of the Ambigu.

M. Géraud, a distinguished advocate of Rennes, shortly after the Restoration, has made up his mind to marry Marguerite, engaged as a governess to his daughter Clémence. Unfortunately the lady's reputation is not of the highest quality. A young advocate of Paris is in the habit of visiting her, and the frequency of his visits is not to be explained by any hypothesis consistent with good morals. She has, indeed, an ardent defender in Jeanne Lequieu, a "conductrice de voiture," and moreover the *Chouanne* of the title, but Jeanne is not so popular a person that her opinions carry much weight. Really, however, Marguerite is a perfectly virtuous woman. In former days she became the wife of the Count de Triomec, subsequently deceased in foreign parts, and the young man who has occasioned the scandal is her own son. However, the documents necessary for the proof of her marriage are not to be procured, and Marguerite, understanding her false position, has determined to abandon the project of a marriage with M. Géraud, and to retire until she is provided with vouchers of respectability. This spirit of self-devotion is not at all to the taste of Goujeux, a wicked iron-master, who, for reasons presently to be explained, wishes the marriage to take place, and overcomes the scruples of Marguerite by falsely telling her that Géraud is already acquainted with the whole truth. The nuptial ceremony is duly performed, and the newly-wedded pair, on quitting church, find themselves in the presence of a serious squabble. Young Triomec, who has come from Paris the evening before, and who, hearing the name of his mother mentioned in a disrespectful manner, has challenged two of the loudest talkers, has just punished each with a slight wound, when he is met by his mother and her bridegroom. Géraud, hearing that the duels have been fought for the sake of his wife by the young advocate, shows all becoming gratitude, but, though Triomec is

now authorized to visit his mother's residence, he never opens his mouth in expiation of his real position, persuaded that Géraud is already acquainted with the truth. This line of conduct completely answers the purpose of Goujeux, who causes Géraud to become jealous of Triomec, and to forbid his visits to the house. The villainies of Goujeux have all originated from a desire to possess the property legally pertaining to the noble house of Triomec. In default of a direct heir to the deceased Count this will revert to the scamp Kerdanio, who is a distant relation to the family, and whose rights have been purchased by Goujeux. Géraud, whose mind is perpetually embittered against his wife by the insinuations of Goujeux, has, after wounding Triomec in a duel, surrendered himself into the hands of justice, so much disgusted with life that he does not even propose to defend himself. While he is in prison he is visited by Goujeux, who hypocritically feigns compassion, and brings him the poison by which he hopes to escape the scaffold. Jeanne the Chouanne, ardently devoted to the interests of the Triomec family, has in the meantime done her best for the sake of the young advocate. She has made the unworthy Kerdanio so heartily ashamed of his complicity with Goujeux that the luckless reprobate puts an end to his own existence, and, having recovered the missing documents, has placed them in the hands of Géraud, who in his state of despair takes no notice of their contents. While things are in this state Goujeux, sitting in prison with Géraud, falls asleep, and, in a few broken sentences unconsciously uttered, tells so much truth to Géraud that the long-deceived man wakes him up and insists on a further explanation. The villain attempts to stab his victim, but is arrested by a shot from the Chouanne, who, in her endeavors to reach Géraud, has scaled the prison walls, and has arrived just in time to perform an act of moral justice. Another blessing is at hand. Young Triomec has not only recovered from his wound, but while his stepfather has been lying in prison has professionally defended him in court, and obtained an acquittal. That he also may have his reward he is allowed to marry Clémence, the daughter of Géraud.

This is a badly constructed story. By mere accident do the virtuous persons fall into scrapes, and by mere accident do they get out again. As for the foolish reticence of Marguerite, two words from whom spoken at the right time would have prevented all the mischief, it reminds one of the exclamation of the critic on the first night of Otway's *Orphan*, "What a deal of trouble a farthing rushlight would have saved!"

DRESDEN.—Herr J. von Wasielewski will give, this season, a series of six Soirées for Chamber Music. The first took place on the 27th October, when the pieces played were: Trio, Op. 1, No. 1 (E flat major), Beethoven; Stringed Quartet (G major), Haydn; and Pianoforte Quartet, Op. 3 (B flat minor), Mendelssohn.

FERRARA.—De Ferrara's opera of *Pipelet* has proved tolerably successful. The next novelties were to be *Crispino e la Comare* and *Tutti in Maschera*.

MANNHEIM.—Herr von Flotow's opera, "Zilda," has been produced, but was an unmistakable failure.

GENOA.—The Carlo Felice Theatre is announced to open with *Dinorah*.